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AND OTHER POEMS,

-BY-

MRS. OLIE C. DENSLOW.



C. L. MURRAY & SONS. SOUTH BEND:

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#### PREFACE.

The writer of this little book lays no particular claim to the originality of its contents. For years she has been a willing medium in the hands of spirit friends, and has given to the world in public and private, the music and poems which they have given to her. To those who are acquainted with the author, this preface need not be written. To those who are not, she will simply say that these poems were given to her inspirationally, hastily written at the time they were given, and she now publishes them for the benefit of the reader. Hoping they will prove "good seed, sown upon good ground," and do some little work in elevating manhood and womanhood to a higher plane of life and living, she subscribes herself,

Your obedient servant.

Mrs. Olie Denslow.



#### INVOCATION.

Bright angles above, from a higher sphere,
Bring your sweet influence, and bring it so near
That it may shine like the morning sun,
Into the hearts of every one.
As the rain drops fall upon each flower,
Increasing their beauty from hour to hour—
Oh, bring a balm to this circle, we pray,
That they may grow wiser and better each day.

Although we are teachers from spirit land, Working and toiling, as best we can—We depend on you, angels of love,
To bring inspiration from heaven above.
As the birds wait for spring to come,
Before they can carrol or build a home:—So we wait on thee, oh! angels of light,
To give us knowledge and guide us aright.

#### A LIFE BEYOND.

Is there a life beyond?

I hear a poor mortal say;
Is there something in this form,
That lives when I'm laid away?
And will it soar to a far off clime,
To dwell with loved ones gone by?
Will it always be summer time,
In that home on high?

#### CHORUS.

Listen, listen, to the small voice within, Conscience is whispering, oh, do not sin.

Oh, yes, my earth-plane friend,
There's a life beyond;
And when this life shall end,
The spirit will leave the form.
It may dwell with its friends on high,
If your work is done.
But the spirit can never die,—
It must travel on.

Another question still, I have,
Is there a personal God?
There is none for you to fear,
Or one that sits on guard.
There is a God in all you see,—
It is Nature, sublime.
There's a God within you and me,
That's working all the time.

Then some are asking, too,
Is there any devil?
All there is, is within you.
And that is nothing but evil.
Cast it out, my earth-plane friend,
If you want a home,
When this life on earth shall end,
With your loved ones gone.

# COME, ANGELS, COME.

What are you groping for, out in the night?
Why have you shut the door, from angel light?
Surely, you will not find what most you need,
If you will be so blind and worship creed.

#### CHORUS.

Come, angels, come—bring in the light! Come everyone, and guide them aright.

Brothers and sisters, dear, I'm with you to-day. Angels are hovering near, preparing the way;

And as they're drawing near, open wide your

hearts—

They are your friends, so dear, from celestial parts.

When I was here on earth, I, too, was blind.

I would not hear the truth, but east it from my mind.

Oh, if I had but learned this truth divine,

I would my work have done and found a home sublime,

Life is short on earth plane—you cannot tarry long; Then do prepare to live again, in that celestial throng,

Cast all false pride away, as you journey on;

Do not-one thing-delay work, while you're strong.

#### WAKE UP.

Wake up! wake up! why idly stand With folded arms when a spirit band Is beckoning from the distant shore. For you to open wide the door. And let your spirit friends come in: They'll drive away prejudice and sin; They will take the break from out your heart. And bring in light where now 'tis dark. They'll bring you flowers, rich and rare, And place them in your crown, to wear, Wake up! oh, wake! you must not sleep, And in your dreamy silence keep Poor mortals in despair and woe. Wake up! for there's great work to do; Go plant a flower, that it may spring Up from the earth, and have therein. Something to cheer a lonely soul. That is reaching up for a higher goal. Go tell that stricken mother, too, Her darling lives beyond the azure blue. Go lift the veil of sadness and gloom. And teach them there's life beyond the tomb. Go tell the story to every one, That after death life is just begun. Go seatter seeds of kindness and love, And then you are planting flowers up above; Then when at last your work on earth is done. You will be gathered to rest in third spirit home,

#### RESTING.

There is resting after sorrow,
If you do what is right;
As there is resting on to-morrow,
If, to-day, you work with all your might.
But if you one day sit idle,
Wailing for the time to come,—
When we may have no trouble,
Then your trouble has just begun.

#### CHORUS.

There's resting, yes, resting,
For every one;
There's resting, sweet resting,
After your work is done.

There is resting in the future,
After this short life is run,
If you've helped your fellow ereature,
And your work you well have done.
Then do not let selfish motives,
Keep you from your work no more;
For your faults will be well sifted,
When you land on the other shore.

Every one is their own savior;
There's no Lord to bear your sins;
If this life has been a failure,
After death, then, your work begins.
Then why not work out your mission?
Letting not one day go by;
Then you'll be prepared for resting,
When your spirit ascends on high.

#### NO LONGER IN THE SHADOW.

In answer to "Walking in the Shadow."

I'm no longer in the Shadow,
There has dawned a perfect day;
And I'm basking in the sunlight,
All the night has passed away.
I am safe from all temptation,
I have nothing more to fear;
Unseen hands will ever guide me,—
Yes, bright angel now are near.

#### REFRAIN.

I'm no longer in the shadow Of darkness, gloom and woe; For the angels always guide me, And show me where to go.

I'm no longer in the shadow,
For lo, the morning breaks!
And I hear the angels singing,
My hope renewed awakes.
And I dare to venture onward,
Nor would I turn aside,
For the angels will direct me,—
They're my shepherd and my guide.

I'm no longer in the shadow,
I have found an abiding rest,
For which I've long been searching,
And it soothes this tired breast.
My doubts are gone, oh! blessed thought!
I know that I'll be saved at last;
And angels whisper soft and low:—
Think of the future and forget the past.

# THE NARROW BOAT.

Whither are you drifting, brother,
In that narrow covered boat?
Are you trying to cross the river,—
Do you think you'll safely float?
There are storms to meet, my brother;
Won't you need a paddle, then?
Do you think you'll land safe over,
If you do on faith depend?

Don't you know, my christian brother,
That your boat is a narrow one.
It will never land safe over,
It's too small to stand the storm.
And when the waves are dashing,
And you hear the captain shout,—
Clear the boat! for it is leaking,
Do you think God will dip it out?

Oh! no, my friend, you are mistaken.

There were boats that were large and stout?
You chose the one in which you're drifting,
Now you must dip that water out
With your own toil and labor,
And the toiling may be long,
You may land safe in the harbor.

Don't you see, my christian brother, There's a moral in my song; And the church you will discover, Is the boat you're drifting on. And the captain you are trusting

After all your work is done.

To guide your boat aright, Is the priest that does your thinking. And is hiding all the light.

# LIFE'S MORN.

You are gently drifting down the stream. Your boat glides smoothly, now; Life to you is a pleasant dream. No sorrow clouds your brow. And as a song of joy is bourne Upon the evening air. I see you're in life's golden morn-Of trials you have no care, Then laugh away, and smoothly glide, For soon the time may come When winds and storms disturb the tide,

The flush of health is on your cheek, Your eyes like diamonds shine; The sunbeams playing hide and seek Among those curls of thine, And as a song of joy is borne Upon the evening air. I see you in life's golden morn, Of storms you have no care. Then sing away and smoothly glide, For soon the time may come

And your boat be rudely torn.

When winds and storms disturb the tide, And your boat be rudely torn.

#### THE WRONG BOAT.

Young man, you're in the wrong boat,
And swiftly are drifting away,
Long, long may you float,
Before you land on the shore, o'er the way.
And when you have landed at last,
And trying your loved ones to find,
The leader will look at your pass,
And say they have left you behind,

#### CHORUS.

Young man, take heed—mind what I say, There are two boats on that track, One takes passengers over to stay, And the other brings passengers back,

Oh! no, young man, take my word,
You had best make the leap while you can;
While those boats both stand side by side,
Take the one that will make you a man.
Make principle, then, your first aim,
Do to others, as you would be done by;
Do not sell yourself for fame;
Then your boat will land on high.

#### CHORUS.

Then, young man, you're in the right boat, And started upon the right track; And across you'll pleasantly float, And not be obliged to come back.

# YES, WE'RE FREE.

Yes, there's been a change in the past few years, Scarce one, now, retains superstitious fears. The angels above, with a loving hand, Have brought us sweet messages from spirit land, And they have taught us to live good and true And always remember our duty to do; Then when at last our work here is done, We'll be gathered to rest in that bright spirit home.

#### CHORUS.

Angels of mercy, We ever thank thee; For thy kindness, In making us free.

A sad hearted mother in sorrow has bowed Down on her knees to our Father above; Begging his mercy in accents wild, To save, if he could, her own darling child, Never once dreaming its spirit had flown Up to the land where bright angels roam; Then when, at last, there comes no relief, Sinks in despair in sadness and grief.

Yes; we are free, and must toil night and day, Until the darkness is all cleared away; And we've lifted the veil of sadness and gloom, And taught them there's life beyond the tomb. Show your brave manhood! be carnest, be true, And the angels above will not forsake you. Then when at last, earth's toilings are o'er, You'll find a sweet rest on the heavenly shore.

#### ANNIVERSARY SONG.

Improvised at the twenty-fifth Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Parker, of Flint, Michigan.

We are gathered 'round your hearthstone to-night, But my thoughts fly away to the time When you were a girl, and your future looked

bright,

And you lived in a glow of sunshine.

When life, to you, was a calm summer dream,

And the birds sang sweet sougs all the day.

Your boat gently drifting adown the stream, And your laugh chased all sorrow away.

#### CHORUS.

But there's been changes since life's golden morn; And you have met trials and storms. But the hand of time, moving gently along.

Has brought to you dear, loving forms.

Another form I see. It is a merry, happy boy;
His bright, roughish face is wreathed in smiles,

As, whistling along, this world he does enjoy, Regardless of the many snares and wiles.

There are no prints of care on his brow—

His face beems with radiant delight:

For the future, to him, dawns brightly now, And that, to me, is a pleasant sight.

I now see in my dream, a maiden, young and fair; Her slight form is clothed in robes of white,

With orange blossoms twining in her hair— For this is to be her wedding night.

The same roughish boy, now grown to be a man,
I see standing there by her side.

And with a smile, he takes her by the hand; For she is to be his loving bride. Twenty-five years have now passed away,
And this is their silver wedding eve;
We are gathered together, our tributes to pay,
And rejoice in their smiles ere we leave.
But we will not forget in our joy,
To ask the dear angels from above,

To ask the dear angers from above,
To hover around this home every hour,
And guard them with their fondest love.

And in the changes of on-coming years,
We pray they be pleasant and bright;
That trials no more bring sorrowful tears,
To the home so pleasant to-night.

# OUT OF WORK.

I'm out of work, the toiler said;
I must have work to earn some bread;
I've walked the city o'er and o'er,
And begged for work from door to door.

My wife and children, they must live; I cannot beg, but if you'll give Me work, I'll toil from day to day, And take whatever you can pay.

I am no tramp, seeking for sport; I only ask you for honest toil. My family watches with hungry eye, I must have work or they will die.

O'er the great city, night came down, Still every one meets him with a frown; Yet in his face, so pale and wan, Glowed all the manhood of a man,

# THERE IS A PLACE THAT IS BETTER THAN THIS.

Given at the dedication of a Methodist Church.

There's a place that is better than this, It is but a step over there.

The river's not wide, if your heart's full of grace, And your thoughts are as pure as air.

Then do prepare for this beautiful place, And to live on the heavenly shore;

That you may reach the highest sphere, And not find one closed door.

You remember the teachings Christ once taught When he to earth was given? Unless you become as a little child,

You cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Then why will you take one false step? When we the truth have given;

That you may reach the highest place
That Christ once taught was heaven.

We do well know you all will find Some hardships on your way; And some are thinking within their minds,

I cannot do as you say.

Now listen to a christian friend,

And one to advise you right,—

Let the beautiful sunshine in your hearts,

And work with all your might.

Now may the good angels guide you all,

And be with you all through life;

When you've laid away your body of clay,
And all through with your earthly strife—

When your spirit takes its flight,

To dwell on the other side,—

May you not have any work to undo,

But with angels ean abide.

# A FORREST FLOWER.

A forrest flower, so delicate and small, Is waiting for April rain drops to fall; And the sunshine its little germ must feed, Before it can burst from the tiny seed,

It has lain in the ground, as winds whistled wild,
- So silent and still, like an unborn child;
But while it was sleeping down under the snow,
- Each leaf was forming and preparing to grow.

By and by it will start from its cave in the earth, And spring into life a natural birth,

It will struggle to tower above the dead leaves
That fell in the fall from the forrest trees.

And when at last it reaches the light,
Each leaf will unfold so brilliant and bright—
It seems to sing a joyful song
To the weary traveler, as he journeys along.

Thus it is, with poor mortals of earth,

That is ready and waiting for the spiritual birth.

Some are shut out from the sunlight's ray.

By dead leaves that lay in their way.

But some, like the flower, have struggled and tried To get rid of the leaves, and pushed them aside; And then with their faces upturned to the sky, Received inspiration from angels on high,

# STAND ALONE AND BE FREE.

What are you waiting for, Christian?
Why are you standing so still?
Don't you believe in progression?
And reaching the top of the hill?
Come out of the dark, my sister,
Up here is a welcome for you;
You have staid in the valley, down yonder,
Until all the air is impure.

#### CHORUS.

Stand alone and be free, oh! do be free! You'll never regret, if you listen to me. Be true to yourself, and fellow man,— You'll find this a far better plan.

If you are a Methodist sister,
Be a Methodist on high ground.
Don't depend on a priest as a leader—
You want to go up and not down.
When you're building a house, my brother,
Don't build the foundation on sand:
For if you should want to build higher,
You'll find that foundation won't stand.

When you hear of a new invention,
And your judgment tells you 'tis good:
Then give to it some attention,
And use it, my friend, as you should.
Don't let some bigoted neighbor,
Have any control what you do;
Your judgment is as good, my brother,
Though be has more money than you.

# WE COME TO GREET YOU.

A welcome, friends, a welcome all,
Again we come on you to call;
In this blessed place among the trees,
Where everyone is at their ease.
The banner of free thought we'll wave
Over the heads of those that's brave,
And dare to stand alone and say,
I'll save myself; 'tis the only way.

#### CHORUS.

A welcome to all to this grove meeting, A welcome to all that's here; Yes, even the trees give you greeting, And wish you a hearty good cheer.

Unto the friends that don't believe
In everything just as we do;
Remember that your welcome, too,
This world is free for everyone,
To think for themselves, be it rigl

The hand of fellowship we give

To think for themselves, be it right or wrong,

This is a privilege, friends, to you,

And they dare not burn as they used to do.

If you are good and do what's right,
You'll see in others the self same light,
But if you're bad, and do what's wrong,
You'll then see evil in every one.
Then look for good wherever you go—
And you will find it then, I know.
Then east all selfishness aside,
Let peace and harmony abide.

#### LET YOUR LAMP BE BURNING.

My true and faithful brother, Let your light of knowledge shine Unto earth's remotest regions, With a power and faith sublime.

#### CHORUS.

Let your lamp be trimmed and burning, Send a truth across the way; Some poor and doubting brother You may rescue, you may save.

Arm yourself nobly, brother,
The dread conflict may be long;
For the foe is wise and wary,
They are powerful and strong.

Hoist the banner high above you, Let no traitor pull it down; Give your life, if need be, brother, They who win shall wear the crown,

Never doubting, never fearing, Hold the fort, for help is near; Yes, the angels they will guide you, You will conquer, never fear.

#### GREETING.

I am with you to-day, dear friends of earth,
And a joyous greeting I meet, yes meet;
If I could lead just one the right way,
I would think, then, my journey complete.
I have left the bright shore—my spiritual home—
To undo the wrong that on earth I have done;
And now I am here on this, your earth plane,
To talk to my brethren again.

#### CHORUS.

A joyous greeting the spirits have found, Here on the camp ground, here on the camp ground;

A joyous greeting the spirits have found, Here, on the camp ground.

While we are here, dear friends of earth,
If you will give your attention to us, yes us:
We will teach you there's no God to fear;
Every man must depend on himself.
And if you do as you ought to do—

And if you do as you ought to do— Trying to help your brother through, And keep yourself in a spiritual sphere, The angels will help, never fear.

Now, may the good angels guard you all,
And may your surroundings be good, yes good;
And those that are now almost ready to fall,
We would give you light, if we could.
For oh! it is hard, when you come to die,
And think you will rest with your friends on

high,

And then be obliged to stay below And unde your work as you go,

#### ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Husband and wife, the words-gently speak them, Husband and wife-most kindly we greet them: They, who have journeyed through sunshine and tears.

Fondly together for twenty-five years.

Twenty-five years! Ah me! They have passed Swiftly and quickly adown the dim past; Writing a history of each tender thought. Freighted with pleasure, the record is wrought

And thus, as we gather around thee to-night. We congratulate that the days have been bright: That no clouds have obscured the light of thy sun; But wedded in peace, ye truly are one.

One in life's purpose, one in the aim To live nobly, and honor thine own humble name;

One in life's duties, one in its eare, Endeavoring ever its burdens to share,

Lovingly, trustingly, walk side by side. Faithful and true the bridegroom and bride. As in life's morning, unclouded by fears,

The future bade promise of many bright years.

And the years that have passed, so joyous and blest.

Have left there a token of true happiness. Affections sweet offering-her lovely vines-Close round thy heart their tendrils entwine.

Daughter and son, the richest of blessings,

Fondly returning thy dearest caressing; We pray for their future—morn's rosiest beam May light them forever down life's fitful stream.

That suited in harmony, as ye journey along, No chord shall be missed from love's merry song; That friends will surround you as tender and true As those who this hour smile fondly on you.

Now, as we disperse and part with kind friends, Who are present this evening, their cheer to extend,

Accept our best wish as thy future appears,

May it crown you with blessings for thrice
twenty-five years.

# HAVE CHARITY.

Have charity, dear friends of earth.

For those that do not know
That they will pass through a natural birth,
And their spirits onward go;
And when they laugh and seoff at you,
Be gentle then, be kind and true;
Point it out and make them see
"Twas Jesus said, "the truth will make you
free."

Your life on earth-plane is not long,
Then do make a heaven while you stay,
For those that now surround your home—
And nelp drive their sorrows away.
Always lend a helping hand
Unto your fellow man,
And then at last, I know you'll see,

As Jesus said, "the truth will make you free."

#### NATURE'S LESSONS.

There is something to be learned in every thing, E'en to the song the robin sings.

Go sound the depths of the pebbles you tread— In each one a lesson can be read.

A philosopher can pluck a tiny flower And read you a history of the Almighty's power.

Then bow his head in reverence and prayer,

For the wonderful lesson that is taught him
there

And as he strolls along the seashore,

In the sands at his feet, he reads something
more

Of the ship, with the brave erew, going down,— And they were lost—yes, all were drowned.

And it tells the story, so sad and drear,

That he pauses a moment and drops a tear;

And the whispering sounds from the murmuring

Chants a requiem o'er the sad mystery.

sea

#### HOPE.

Hope shines brightest in trouble and strife,
Hope for a grander and better life;
Hope is an anchor, while drifting along
Upon the ocean, in a terrible storm.
Hope keeps us reaching for something ahead,
Hope whispers softly, our friends are not dead.

#### WAIT TILL THE SHOWER IS OVER.

Wait till the shower is over,
Wait till the clouds have gone;
Wait, and then you'll discover
After the storm a calm

Wait, though your sad and dreary,
Wait, though the day seems dark;
Wait, though at times you grow weary,
There'll be something to gladden the heart.

The rain on the roof is softly falling,
And it makes your heart lonely and sad;
But every cloud has a silvery lining,
To make us all happy and glad.

But you say in all the past it has been storming.

And the rain has been falling all your life; Wait 'till the bright coming morning, It will drive away trouble and strife.

Drive away thoughts that are gloomy, Never let sunbeams go by; Then you will always be happy, No matter how cloudy the sky.

Though loved ones from the fireside are missing.

And have gone from your home away, Remember their spirits are living, And can visit you here every day.

# AFRAID TO DIE.

Afraid to die and pass away,
And leave this tenement of elay?
For when its work is done, you know,
Back to the primary elements must go.
Afraid to die, and go from earth?
And the spirit pass to a higher birth.

Afraid to die, and let it fly
Up to its home beyond the sky?

Afraid to die? afraid of what? God never yet one child forgot; Afraid of what?—now can you tell— Afraid that I may go to hell. Afraid of that? who taught you this?

Afraid of that? who taught you this?
Orthodox creeds and the holy priest.

Away with such thoughts! they are too old— Too many years they have been told. Where have you been the past few years, That you still retain those constant fears?

Have you like Rip-Van-Winkle, slept, While Henry Ward Beecher has silently erept

Into the churches one by one,
And whispered the secret, there was none!
Where did he learn it? why, I know,
It was a growth of mind that told him so.

He was reaching up for knowledge more,—
The angel world has op'ed the door,
And gave him information great,
That hell was only a certain state

Of mind mortals of earth was in,—
And that was nothing more than sin.
The angel world is working fast
. To wipe out the superstitious past;
And the time will come not far away,
When there will dawn a brighter day;
Don't be afraid to die, I pray,
There is no death here, the angels say
It is only a change from low to high;
Prepare to live and not to die.

# SOLDIERS OF TRUTH.

Must there be blood shed to free the slave? No! What we need are those that's brave: We need no bayonet or gun To take the fetters from every one. We need no cannon or harsh words To make poor mortals as free as birds. We need no president or politician,-We want truth and inspiration, We want no prison bars or chains, to bind, What we must have is growth of mind. We want no tramping of horses feet, When you go out, wicked priests to meet; We want no marshal music's loud roar, But sweetest music from the heavenly shore. We want no flag of discord and war To make men fight, or in constant jar; We want a banner with truth inscribed there, In letters of gold, to be seen everywhere.

# SOWING SEEDS OF FREEDOM.

You are starting out with a high aim in life,

And will find amidst the turmoils and strife
Thistles and briars to keep pulling you back,
But never give up,—keep right in the track,
Though unpopular the theme you are working for now,

And it takes a strong hand to keep hold of the plow—

Yet tear up the sod and uproot the weed, Preparing the soil for sowing the seed. Then sow seeds of freedom and truth. And sow them while you can, in your youth: By and by the harvest time will come. And you shall reap as you have sown. There never, yet, was any progress made By a creening coward, that was afraid To speak out his own original thought. The freedom we have has been dearly bought. Monied men have ruled and reigned too long-Politicians can be bought with a mere song, The rich banker sits in his costly attire. In an elegant parlor, beside a good fire, While the poor man must toil, from day to day, With just the mere pittance a rich man may pay.

#### A SOUL AT REST.

Improvised at the grave of Albert Kirby, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Albert has gone to the beautiful shore, And angels were waiting to welcome him o'er; The conflict is over, 'tis ended, 'tis past,

And he is wending his way with the angels at last.

The spirit is free from the body of clay,—

He has passed the new birth from night into day.

Yes, yes, from night into day.

Friends, strangers and loved ones dear, Oh! don't you know we are hovering near?

And that my brother is dwelling with me?

He has crossed o'er the river, his loved ones to see.

I stood at the portal and welcomed him in, And oh! how joyous the meeting has been, Yes, yes, I welcomed him in.

I know that you love him, I know you feel sad, But oh! my loved ones, you would be so glad If you could but see the beautiful home.

Where Albert and I forever will roam.

We will be with you often, our loved onesto greet,
We will visit your circles, but you must not
weep,—

No, no; you must not weep.

#### GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, good-bye—the time at last has come When we must say good-bye,

And to our homes return.

And as we say good-bye to-night,

Let's pledge one another to always live right;

And ln carrying the banner of free thought along,

Let us set a good example for the young.

I pray that you be faithful,

And that we may meet again,

And sow the seed of free thought among our fellow men:

And as we say good-bye to-night,

Let's pledge one another to always live right.

And in carrying the banner of free thought along,

Let us set a good example for the young.

May loving angels attend you, and may you ever stand

Firm as the rock of ages.

With the flag of truth in hand.

And as we say good-bye to-night,

Let's pledge one another to always live right;

And in carrying the banner of free thought along,

Let us set a good example for the young.

\*\*Son page 13, first line of third verse should read "seeking for spoil," instead of "seeking for sport."

# LIBERAL SONGS.

#### JESUS' FRIEND.

[This song was given in the presence of a christian gentleman, and originated from his making the remark, "I will always be Jesus' friend."]

You say you will be Jesus' friend, And that his cause you will defend; Now don't you know, my friend, 'tis true That Jesus has left you behind;

He does not want you to fight for him, He fought out his cause long ago; He'd rather that you'd show your vim

In fighting for men here below.

I am a man from the spirit land, I, too, was Jesus' friend; I thought it right that I should fight, And Jesus' cause defend. But now I think at last I've found

That to be Jesus' friend, We must all do as Jesus did,

And help our fellow men.

Go out and show good will to man,
And lend a helping hand;
Go help the poor, they need you more

Go help the poor, they need you more Than Jesus ever ean.

And you must say, as Jesus said, Now, "go and sin no more;"

And do not toss your haughty head, And close and bar the door.

You have been taught and think you know That Jesus can save you; And that his blood will make you good, But I've found it is not true; For when I landed in the beyond,
And was trying my Savior to find,
I found that I had just been born,
And Jesus had left me behind.

### MOSES' MISTAKES.

It is an old, old story—yes, very old,
'Tis an old, old story, our forefathers told,
About the first man that God did make.
But I think that old story was a great mistake,
For God never made that man at all,
He was ground out of evolution's ball;
Science tells us 'twas all a mistake.

And then you remember the lady fair,
That God next made, with golden hair—
And Low he made her you all will know,
'Twas out of a rib,—the bible says so.
But God never made that lady at all,
She, too, was ground out in evolution's ball;
Science tells us 'tis all a mistake,

And then, "ou remember, that God placed them In the "Garden of Eden," midst temptation and sin; And how beautiful Eve, in her innocent grace,

And now beautiful Eve, in ner innocent grace, Led noble Adam far out of his place. I don't believe there were gardens then, Who could have made them? there were no men.

But Ingersoll says 'twas Moses' mistakes.
REFRAIN.

Tis not a mistake, the ignorant say, And then kneel down, and oh, how they pray That God will come, in his vengeance, down And bury us under the ground.

Arise from your knees, my christian friend, Study nature's laws all over the land, And this will teach you, 'tis all a mistake.

### THE CAR OF PROGRESS.

The time is fast approaching, I see it very clear,
The car of progress' coming and freedom's almost here.

Those superstitious bigots will have to stand aside, Or take the journey with us, and we'll give them a free ride

#### CHORUS.

The dawning, the dawning, of freedom's very near.

very near,
'Tis coming, 'tis coming! the train is almost here.

The grade was long and hilly, the track was hard to lay.

Tom Paine, he worked so cheerily, and the road he did survey.

Those superstitious people imprisoned him, you know.

Because he was not careful of the ground he did pursue.

Although he was imprisoned and they thought they had him fast,

He wrote "The Age of Reason," that in memory will last;

It was a guide to others, from darkness into light, And cheered our weary brothers, while battling for the right.

He was the first contractor on progression's railroad line,

And where he's gone, no matter, he served out well his time.

- And now we'll leave him sleeping, 'till resurrection morn,
- We hope sometime to meet him, when old "Gabriel" blows the horn.
- Now there are many others I could mention in my song,
- Of good and faithful workers who have helped the cause along;
- Bob Ingersoll, the target, who has breasted well the storm,
- And good old father Bennette, who to prison now has gone.

### WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

[While singing in Flint, Michigan, the Presbyterian minister of that place warned his congregation against going to hear the "wolf in sheep's elothing." This gave us a subject for a song, in which we sang in retaliation.]

A wolf in sheep's elothing-beware of them,

'Tis a warning you hear very often, my friend;

A wolf in sheep's clothing! how many we find

That are clothed in the garb of an innocent kind; A wolf in sheep's clothing! you ask where they're found?

When you see a man going around Preaching a gospel he knows is not true—

These are the wolves devouring you.

A wolf in sheep's clothing tells you to depend On going to heaven through Jesus, your friend. A wolf in sheep's clothing dare not say to you, To be moral and good, upright and true;

A wolf in sheep's clothing, representing a lamb,
Says, unless you believe, you'll surely be
damned

A wolf in sheep's clothing told the people, they say,

To beware of the wolf that would sing here to-day,

A wolf in sheep's clothing! I shudder to tell,
Preaching a doctrine with an eternal hell;

A wolf in sheep's clothing—oh! shame be to him For preaching a gospel so full of sin.

A wolf in sheep's clothing, oh! pity them', friends, For upon this clothing their living depends;

A wolf in sheep's clothing—oh! angels above, Strip them of this garb and clothe them with love.

### OH! WHAT CAN HE DO?

The devil has gone into bankruptey, they say,
Ten cents on a dollar, he can't even pay.

Since Henry Ward Roscher has give him the clir

Since Henry Ward Beecher has give bim the slip, He's discouraged completely and give up the ship.

In past years he's lived on the top of the shelf,

And never once thought of supporting himself;

And thought the church people would always need hell—

Why they have given it up he can't tell.

### CHORUS.

What can he do? oh! what can he do?

And what avocation can he pursue

To make a living down there, below?

For he could not dwell here, with the people,

I know.

And then he's in trouble, deep trouble again— Been arrested for slander by Thomas Paine;

He told all the people 'twas his fate to burn,

And when he looked in, sure enough he was gone.

There's something the matter with brimstone or man,

And to find out the trouble he's tried every plan. He was on good terms with the church, and with God,

But for some simple reason they've gone back on their word,

He thought he had got all the strong minded men Shut up in a furnace and torturing them;

But he was so busy with leading astray,

That he never once thought of looking that way? When all of a sudden he heard an uproar

Among the big churches on the upper shore;

Then there came a message that he was a fraud,
And Thomas, with others, were walking
abroad

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### DON'T DRINK THE FIRST GLASS

Improvised at a Young Men's Christian Temperance Union.

A word to young men—please listen to me,

Don't drink the first glass if you want to be free.

There's a tempter that lurks in the first glass of

wine

That is hard to get rid of, you'll find:

Make this your motto, though the tempter be strong.

To always live temperate, as you journey along. Have stamina, boys, to do what is right—

Will you make me this promise to-night?

### CHORUS.

Don't drink the first glass, remember it, boys, I beg and intreat you with tears in my eyes; Don't touch it I pray, oh! angels above, Guard them with your infinate love.

There's a wonderful power can come from on high, To the one that's determined to conquer or die; And these are the men that are needed to-day, To sweep this intemperance away.

Three cheers for the boy who can stand up and say,

I never will drink, but always say nay.

Three cheers for the man that has signed the pledge,

And will keep it to eternity's age.

And dear sisters who have husband's and sons,

Work hard to make heaven of your own little homes,

And they will not stray to the grog shop at night,
If their homes are made pleasant and bright.
Oh! young man—though a stranger, I know,

Will you please bear in mind what I'm saying to you;

Be true to your manhood, be just and upright,
With the temperance pledge never out of your
sight.

# MATCHES TO SELL.

I have matches to sell, who will buy some? Only five cents a bunch; Please, sir, will you take one?—Oh! why does he turn so coldly away And say he can't buy any matches to-day.

### CHORUS.

Matches to sell! matches, you see,— Only five cents a bunch, Who will buy them of me? Matches to sell! matches to sell! Do buy them, they will please you so well.

My feet are so cold, my clothes are so thin, All day in the streets To sell matches I've been;

But I have sold but one bunch to-day, Oh! will some one buy them, I pray.

I left little brother so sick at home, He's crying for bread,— Please, sir, buy just one. I thought he was kind, when I looked at his eye,

But he shakes his head and passes me by.

Dear mamma on high, please take us away; We can no longer

On this wicked earth stay.

We are starving to death, my brother and I, But no one will eare when we die.

Papa has gone to the grog shop again,

And giving his money to those bad, wicked
men:

I throw my arms around him, I plead and I pray,

But he pushes me from him, and goes the bad way.

# I'VE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

I've drank my last glass, I hear him say, And now I'll not drink any more, But to-night with my family I'll stay— It will make them so happy, I'm sure; And my dear wife, that has toiled all her life,

Working hard from morning till night, It will lighten the burdens of trouble and strife, And my home shall be happy and bright.

I've drank my last glass, I hear one say, It is a young man this time;

And from the grog shop I'll stay away

And be in the future a man.

I will go to my mother and sisters dear-

, I'll go to them sober to-night;
I'll say in the future you need not fear,
For I'm going to live temperate and right.

I'll not drink the first glass!
Rings a voice clear and loud,
As the school boy comes tripping along;
And my dear friends of me shall be proud,
And my step shall be steady and strong;
I'll set an example as through life I go,
I'll be an example to all;

And though temptations are many, I know  $\tilde{I}$  will conquer and never will fall.

# BEGGING FOR BREAD.

Out in the streets begging for bread— Looking so sad when she said, mamma's dead They've taken my papa to prison, away,

For killing a man in a street fight, they say.

When they took him away I wanted to go,
And clung to my papa, but the policemen said
no,

CHORUS.

They pushed me away and said—now go home, They took my papa, and left me alone. Oh! he did not do the bad deed, I know, "Twas the wine cup that maddened and made him do so.

Oh! where shall I go? for I have no home,

And who will take care of me, now papa has
gone;

Oh! why did they take my papa away

And leave me to beg in the streets day by day?

He said as he kissed me a sad good-bye,

I'll leave you, my darling, with the angels on high.

I remember the night my poor mamma died,

He sat down beside her, and oh! how he cried;

The last word she said. I can never forget.

'Twas—promise me that you'll take care of my pet:

He folded me close, and in accents wild— Oh! I will never forsake our dear child.

But now he is gone—they have taken him away, And now I'm alone in the streets to stray;

Oh! he did not do the bad deed, I know,

'Twas the wine cup that maddened and made him do so.

# THE DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN.

Papa, stay with Willie and I, Please don't go out to-night;

Willie is siek and he may die,

And you know we have no light.

It is so lonely, papa, dear,

Sinee our dear mamma's gone;

You will stay with your children here, Don't leave us all alone.

The father stands there mute and dumb, And does not heed her cry,

But goes and leaves her all alone, With his little son to die.

Mamma, up there with angels bright, Did you hear little Willie cry? We're all alone, dark is the night, Yet I feel that you are nigh; And now I'll lay me down to sleep, For Willie has ceased to mourn, I pray the angels our soul to keep Till the coming of the morn. The father reels home at break of day, And finds them both at rest, For one had passed from the earth away, And the sister's asleep at last.

The little girl awakes at last,
And in accents, loud and wild,
She folds her brother to her breast,
But it don't disturb the child;
For Willie's found a better home,
Prepared by angel hand.

And now with mamma he will roam, In happy spirit land; The father—drunk—lays on the floor, And does not even dream That his little son had gone before, To prepare a place for him.

### GOOD NIGHT.

Good-night, dear friends, the time has come When we must part, and say adieu, I'll make one request before you go home, Will you remember what I ask of you? While you remain on this earth-plane, Have charity for your fellow man.

### CHORUS.

Have charity, have charity, Have charity for your brother; If you want to live a true christian life, Then guide and help each other.

Along your path you will always find Some poor and erring brother, But if you're with him long, my friend, I think you will discover Some good within that erring man; Then help him, christian, all you can.

Now, may you always do what is right,
And may good angels guide you,
That you may give to others light,
And help your fallen brother through.
Remember me, as you go home,
As an carnest friend, where e'er you roam.









